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KNIGHTS CABINET EDITION
OF



THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

VOL. VII.

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The PORTRAIT to this Volume is given in Wivell, p. 227;
but seems to have been copied from the Droeshout print,
only reversed.



KING
HENRY
VIII

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE famous 'History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth' was first published in the folio collection of Shakspeare's works in 1623. The text, taken as a whole, is singularly correct: it contains, no doubt, some few typographical errors, but certainly not so many as those which deform the ordinary reprints.

The date of the original production of this drama has been a subject of much discussion. The opinions in favour of its having been produced in the reign of Elizabeth are far more numerous than those which hold it to be a later production. But the accomplished Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on the 6th of July, 1613, gives a minute and graphic account of the fire at the Globe in that year:—"Now to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The king's players had *a new play*, called *All is True*, representing *some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth*, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was

stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale." Here, then, is a *new play* described, "representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII.;" and further, the passage of Shakspeare's play in which the "chambers" are discharged, being the "entry" of the king to the "mask at the cardinal's house," is the same to the letter. But the title which Sir Henry Wotton gives the *new play* is '*All is True*.' Other persons call the play so represented '*Henry VIII*.' Howes, in his continuation of Stow's Chronicle, so calls it. He writes some time after the destruction of the Globe, for he adds to his account of the fire, "and the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner than before." He speaks of the title of the play as a familiar thing:—"the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz. of Henry the Eighth." When Howes wrote, was the title '*All is True*' merged in the more obvious title derived from the subject of the play, and following the character of the titles of Shakspeare's other historical plays?

The commentators also hold that the Prologue was written by Ben Jonson, to allow him an occasion of sneering at Shakspeare's fools and battle-scenes. But

we hold that the Prologue is a complete exposition of the *idea* of this drama. The Prologue is fastened upon Jonson, upon the theory that he wrote it after Shakspeare's retirement from the stage, when the old play was *revived* in his absence. We believe in the *one* piece of external evidence,—that a 'Henry VIII.' was produced in 1613, when the Globe was burned; that it was a *new play*; that it was then called 'All is True;'—and that this title agrees with the idea upon which Shakspeare wrote the 'Henry VIII.' Those who believe that it was written in the time of Elizabeth have to reject this one piece of *external* evidence. We further believe, from the *internal* evidence, that the play, as it stands, was written in the time of James I., and that we have received it in its original form. Those who assert the contrary have to resort to the hypothesis of interpolation; and, further, have to explain how many things which are, to a plain understanding, inconsistent with their theory, may be interpreted, by great ingenuity, to be consistent. We believe that Shakspeare, amongst his latest dramas, constructed an historical drama to complete his great series,—one that was agreeable to the tone of his mind after his fiftieth year:—

“Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe.”

Those who take the opposite view hold that the chief object of the poet was to produce something which might be acceptable to Queen Elizabeth. Our belief is the obvious one; the contrary belief may be the more ingenious.

Shakspeare has in this play closed his great series of 'Chronicle Histories.' This last of them was to be “sad, high, and working.” It has laid bare the hollowness of

worldly glory; it has shown the heavy "load" of "too much honour." It has given us a picture of the times which succeeded the feudal strifes of the other 'Histories.' Were they better times? To the mind of the poet the age of corruption was as "sad" as the age of force. The one tyrant rides over the obligations of justice, wielding a power more terrible than that of the sword. The poet's consolation is to be found in the prophetic views of the future.

We have a few words to add on the style of this drama. It is remarkable for the elliptical construction of many of the sentences, and for an occasional peculiarity in the versification, which is not found in any other of Shakspeare's works.

A theory has been set up that Jonson "tampered" with the versification. We hold this notion to be utterly untenable; for there is no play of Shakspeare's which has a more decided character of unity, no one from which any passage could be less easily struck out. We believe that Shakspeare worked in this particular upon a principle of art which he had proposed to himself to adhere to, wherever the nature of the scene would allow. The elliptical construction, and the licence of versification, brought the dialogue, whenever the speaker was not necessarily rhetorical, closer to the language of common life. Of all his historical plays, the 'Henry VIII.' is the nearest in its story to his own times. It professed to be a "truth." It belongs to his own country. It has no poetical indistinctness about it, either of time or place: all is defined. If the diction and the versification had been more artificial, it would have been less a reality.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VIII.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 4.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act III.
sc. 1 ; sc. 2.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

CAPUCIUS, *ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

CRANMER, *archbishop of Canterbury.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 4.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act V.
sc. 1 ; sc. 2.

EARL OF SURREY.

Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lord Chamberlain.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Lord Chancellor.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

GARDINER, *bishop of Winchester.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4.

LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

LORD SANDS.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4.

SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1.

CROMWELL, *servant to Wolsey.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.

GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2.

Three Gentlemen.

Appear, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

DOCTOR BUTTS, *physician to the King.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

Garter King at Arms.

Appears, Act V. sc. 4.

Surveyor *to the Duke of Buckingham.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

BRANDON.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

A Sergeant at Arms.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

Door-Keeper of the Council Chamber.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

Porter, and his Man.

Appear, Act V. sc. 3.

Page to Gardiner.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

A Crier.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

ANNE BULLEN, *maid of honour to Queen Katharine,
and afterwards Queen.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.

An old Lady, *friend to Anne Bullen.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

*Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women
attending upon the Queen; Spirits which appear to
her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—CHIEFLY IN LONDON AND WESTMINSTER;
ONCE, AT KIMBOLTON.

KING HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh ; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
 The subject will deserve it. Such as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree
 The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
 I'll undertake may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
 (To make that only true we now intend,)
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and, as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make you : Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,

As they were living ; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery !
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, at one door ; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,

Since last we saw in France ?

Nor. I thank your grace :

Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer

Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.^a

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde :

I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement as they grew together ;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory : Men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married

^a *Andren.* So the original ; so the Chroniclers. But the modern editors write "the vale of Arde." *Arde*, or *Ardres*, is the town, which in the next line is spelt *Arde* in the original. *Andren*, or *Ardren*, is the village near the place of meeting.

To one above itself. Each following day
 Became the next day's master, till the last
 Made former wonders its : To-day, the French,
 All clinquant,^a all in gold, like heathen gods,
 Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
 Made Britain, India : every man that stood
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
 As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting : Now this mask
 Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them ; him in eye
 Still him in praise : and, being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discerner
 Durst wag his tongue in censure.^b When these suns
 (For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour honesty, the tract of everything
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to.

Buck. All was royal ;
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
 Order gave each thing view ; the office did
 Distinctly his full function. Who did guide ?
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together ?

Nor. As you guess :

^a *Clinquant*—bright with glingling ornaments.

^b *Censure*—comparison.

One, certes, that promises no element^a
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech^b can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web,—O! give us note!—
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file

^a *Element*—constituent quality of mind. Thus in 'Twelfth Night' (Act III. Sc. 4) Malvolio says, "Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your *element*."

^b *Keech*. A "keech" is a lump of fat; and Buckingham here denounces Wolsey as an overgrown bloated favourite.

Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter
(The honourable board of council out)
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue ?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd ; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out ;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd ?

Nor. Marry, is 't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace ; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate !

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you

Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it 's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, (the purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and Two Secretaries with papers. The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where 's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant

He bores^a me with some trick : He 's gone to the king ;
I 'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about : To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like
A full-hot horse ; who being allow'd his way
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I 'll to the king :
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself : We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd :
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you : and I 'll go along
By your prescription :—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,^b) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not treasonous.

^a *Bores*—wounds—thrasts. So in the 'Winter's Tale:' "Now
the ship boring the moon with her mainmast."

^b *Motions*—impulses.

Buck. To the king I 'll say 't; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests ^a the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.^b

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 't was, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,

^a Suggests—excites.

^b Rinsing—in the original *wrenching*.

That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken ^a in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and
two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.^b

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'T is his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

^a *Mistaken*—misapprehended.

^b *Practice*—artifice. So in 'Othello':—

"Fallen in the *practice* of a curs'd slave."

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company :—The king
[To ABERGAVENNY.
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute ; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs of the plot : no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Michael Hopkins ?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false ; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold : my life is spann'd already :
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham ;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lords, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Council-Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY,
the Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL,
Officers, and Attendants. The KING enters, leaning
on the CARDINAL's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The KING takes his State. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The CARDINAL places himself under the KING's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen! Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The KING riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power;

The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;

Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself, and, in that love,

Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor

The dignity of your office, is the point

Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes
not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks

The sides of loyalty, and almost appears

In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,

It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,

The clothiers all, not able to maintain

The many to them 'longing, have put off

The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,

I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,

You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear them
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous

In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold
mouths;

Tongues spit their duties out; and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer baseness.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once^a weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber,

^a Once is here used in the sense of sometimes.

And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission : Pray, look to 't ;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd com-
mons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many :
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound ; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what
you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he 'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his : These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny ; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on :
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught ?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

K. Hen. What was that Henton ?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor ; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this ?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey : I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke

Said, 'T was the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted,
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk : " that oft," says he,
" Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper : bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty ; the duke
Shall govern England."

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants : Take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul ! I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on :—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 't was dangerous
for him

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do : He answer'd, " Tush !
It can do me no damage : " adding further,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha ! what so rank ? Ah, ha !
There's mischief in this man : Canst thou say further ?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been com-
mitted,

As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee?
what say'st?

Surv. After—"the duke his father,"—with "the
knife,"—

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd:
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?^a

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad 't is there; now I would pray our
monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

^a *Mysteries*—artificial fashions.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks ;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men ;
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'T is time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords ; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them ! I am glad they 're
going ;
(For, sure, there 's no converting of them ;) now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plainsong,
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands ;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's ;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 't is true :

This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall everywhere.

Cham. No doubt he's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord ; he has wherewithal ; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along :—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Ex.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.*

Hautboys. *A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests ; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.*

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all : This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad : he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. O, my lord, you are tardy ;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please them : By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these !

Sands. I would I were ;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy ?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this :
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze ;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather : —
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking ;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies.
[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN
and another lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated :—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended ; and
takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests ; that noble
lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend : This, to confirm my welcome ;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble :—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets within : Chambers
discharged.*]

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Wol. What warlike voice ?

And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war ye are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now ? what is 't ?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers ;
For so they seem ; they have left their barge, and landed ;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French
tongue ;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them :—Some attend him.—

*[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and
tables removed.]*

You have now a broken banquet ; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you ;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, and twelve others, as
maskers, habited like shepherds, with sixteen torch-
bearers ; ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They
pass directly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully
salute him.

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace ; for which I pay
them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures
*[Ladies chosen for the dance. The KING
chooses ANNE BULLEN.]*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord.

Cham. Your grace ?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me :
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed ; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—

[*Comes from his state.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen ; Here I 'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal :

[*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
You are a churchman, or I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,

Prithee, come hither : What fair lady 's that ?

Cham. An 't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet
partner,

I must not yet forsake you.—Let 's be merry ;--
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again ; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* O,—God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray speak what has happen'd.

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have^a brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

^a In the original, "to *him* brought."

2 *Gent.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, to
hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'T is likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,

Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him bounteous Bucking-
ham,
The mirror of all courtesy.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; Tipstaves
before him ; the axe with the edge towards him ;
halberds on each side ; accompanied with SIR THO-
MAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM
SANDS, and common people.*

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

2 *Gent.* Let 's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die : Yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice :
But those that sought it I could wish more christians :
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them :
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all:
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with:
No black envy shall make my grave.
Commend me to his grace;
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming; see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun.
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!

Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'T is full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 't will require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident ;
You shall, sir : Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine ?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not :
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now : for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'T is the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark : But is 't not
cruel
That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'T is woful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let 's think in private more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham.

" My Lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the

care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome ; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason,—His master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the king ; which stopped our mouths, sir."

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them :
He will have all, I think.

Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What 's the cause ?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'T is so :
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do ! he 'll never know himself
else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business !
And with what zeal ! For now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew :
He dives into the king's soul ; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage :
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce : a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre :
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of her

That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls
Will bless the king : And is not this course pious ?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'T is
most true

These news are everywhere ; every tongue speaks
them,

And every true heart weeps for 't : All that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,—

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance ;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages : all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him ; there 's my creed :
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let 's in ;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him :

My lord, you 'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me
The king hath sent me other-where : besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door. The KING is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there ? ha ?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who 's there, I say ? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate ; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold ;
Go to ; I 'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who 's there ? my good lord cardinal ?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You 're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS.*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom ;
Use us, and it :—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

[*To WOLSEY*

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy ; go.

[*To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

Nor. This priest has no pride in him ?

Suf. Not to speak of ;

I would not be so sick though, for his place :

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I 'll venture one ;—have at him.

Suf.

I another.

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

} *Aside.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices—Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius ;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him
welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd
for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
loves,
You are so noble : To your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-
quainted,
Forthwith, for what you come :—Where's Gardiner ?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my
favour
To him that does best ; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;
I find him a fit fellow.

[Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand : much joy and favour to
you ;

You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him ;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !
That 's christian care enough : for living murmurers
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs be virtuous : That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit GARDINER.*

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars ;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business :
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 't is a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither :—Here's the pang that pinches :

His highness having liv'd so long with her : and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing ;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will ! much better
She ne'er had known pomp : though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel,^a fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady .
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

^a *Quarrel* is an arrow.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart : which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings : and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril^a conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a
queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'T is strange : a three-pence bowed would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it : But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made : Pluck off^a a
little ;^b

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to : if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk !

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'd venture an emballing : I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

^a *Cheveril*—kid-skin. So in 'Romeo and Juliet,' "O, here's
a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell
broad."

^b *Pluck off a little*—descend a little: You refuse to be a
queen, a duchess, try a count.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a-year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender,
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to improve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well; [*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem

To lighten all this isle!—I 'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne.

My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne.

This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, ('t is an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L.

With your theme, I could

O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a-year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne.

Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L.

What do you think me? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Blackfriars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, Two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then Two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then Two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the Two CARDINALS WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; Two Noblemen with the sword and mace. [Then enter the KING and QUEEN, and their Trains.] The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the Two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place at some distance from the KING. The BISHOPS place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the BISHOPS. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be 't so :—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the KING, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice; And to bestow your pity on me: for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness, I have been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable: Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry, As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour, I ever contradicted your desire, Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends Have I not strove to love, although I knew He were mine enemy? What friend of mine That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind That I have been your wife, in this obedience, Upward of twenty years, and have been blest With many children by you: If, in the course And process of this time, you can report, And prove it too, against mine honour aught, My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, Against your sacred person, in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up

To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before : It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel
 I will implore ; if not, i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol.

You have here, lady,
 (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers ; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause : It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you desire the court ; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam.

His grace
 Hath spoken well, and justly : Therefore, madam,
 It 's fit this royal session do proceed ;
 And that, without delay, their arguments
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath.

Lord cardinal,
 To you I speak.

Wol.

Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath.

Sir,

I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
 We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol.

Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you^a for my judge: whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

^a Sir W. Blackstone, who contributed a few notes to Shakspeare, says that *abhor* and *refuse* are, in such a case, technical terms of the canon-law—*Detestor* and *Recuso*. The very words occur in Holinshed. *Challenge* has been previously used by the queen technically.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
 mouth'd ;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming
 With meekness and humility : but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps : and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers : and your words,
 Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour than
 Your high profession spiritual : That again
 I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by it ; 't is not well.
 She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the
 court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it ? pray you, keep
 your way :

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on :
 I will not tarry : no, nor ever more,
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Excunt QUEEN, GRIFFITH, and her other
 Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd: but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—

Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to 't :

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary : I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite ;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't, than
The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought
This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladdened in 't by me : Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail : and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together ; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—

By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to
say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on,
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness,
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart*]

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return ! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court :
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment.*

The QUEEN, and some of her Women, at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad
with troubles :

Sing, and disperse them if thou canst : leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing.
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art :
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now ?

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me ?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They should be good men ; their affairs as righteous :
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;

There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,

Deserves a corner: 'Would all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy

Above a number,) if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,

Envy and base opinion set against them,

I know my life so even: If your business

Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,

Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O good my lord, no Latin;

I am not such a truant since my coming,

As not to know the language I have liv'd in:

A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;

Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;

Believe me she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed

May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,

I am sorry my integrity should breed,

And service to his majesty and you,

So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.

We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses ;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady : but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace ;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills ;
Ye speak like honest men ; pray God, ye prove so !
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause ;
Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these
fears ;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit : Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest.)

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out^a my afflictions,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
 He's loving, and most gracious; 't will be much
 Both for your honour better, and your cause;
 For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
 Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
 That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I
 thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
 But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
 Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,
 I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
 The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
 And all such false professors! Would ye have me
 (If you have any justice, any pity;
 If ye be anything but churchmen's habits)

^a *Weigh out*—outweigh.

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
Alas ! he has banish'd me his bed already ;
His love, too long ago : I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness ? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak
myself,
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one ?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion ?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king ? lov'd him next heaven ? obey'd
him ?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
And am I thus rewarded ? 't is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts
What will become of me now, wretched lady ?
I am the most unhappy woman living.

Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?

[*To her Women.*

Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,

No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me ;
 Almost no grave allow'd me :—Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
 I 'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
 Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
 You 'd feel more comfort : why should we, good lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places,
 The way of our profession is against it ;
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm : Pray think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your
 virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you ;
 Beware, you lose it not : For us, if you please
 To trust us in your business, we are ready
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords : And, pray,
 forgive me,
 If I have us'd myself^a unmannerly ;
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray, do my service to his majesty :
 He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers,
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
 Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,

^a *Us'd myself*—deported myself.

That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Antechamber to the King's Apartment.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force^a them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them : If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have unctemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures :
What he deserves of you and me I know ;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Anything on him ; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not ;
His spell in that is out : the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars

^a *Force*—enforce. So in 'Measure for Measure':—

"Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would *force* it?"

The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true,
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how ?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce : For if
It did take place, " I do," quoth he, " perceive,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen."

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death ; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to 't !

Nor. All men's !

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation :

Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no ;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cried, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him
And let him cry ha, louder !

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions ; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen ; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer 's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I near.

Suf. 'T is so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance: You, he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—

This candle burns not clear; 't is I must snuff it;

Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,

And well deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 't were something that would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the KING, reading a schedule; and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: And wot you what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It 's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still

Dwell in his musings : but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me !
Ever God bless your highness !

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er ; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit : Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband ; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying !

K. Hen. 'T is well said again ;
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :
He said he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ?

Sur. The Lord increase this business ! [Aside.]

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 't were in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and

Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. "T is nobly spoken :
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this ;

[*Giving him papers.*]

And, after, this : and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit KING, frowning upon CARDINAL WOLSEY :
the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and
whispering.*]

Wol. What should this mean ?
What sudden anger 's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper :
I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so :
This paper has undone me : 'T is the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know 't will stir him strongly ; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What 's this—"To the
Pope ?"

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness :
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the
EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who com-
mands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol.

Stay,

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf.

Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin !
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me :
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patent : Now, who 'll take it ?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol.

It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol.

Proud lord, thou liest ;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland :
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,

You writ to the pope, against the king : your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life :—I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
man,

But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Suf. I 'd rather want those than my head. Have at
you.

First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went

Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere^a undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY

Wol. So farewell to the little good you hear me.

^a *Mere*—absolute.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom.

How does your grace ?

Wol.

Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use
of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That 's somewhat sudden :
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O
Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited

Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : Seek the king ;
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord,
Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee ;
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;

And,—Prithee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,

And my integrity to heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster.*

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.

2 *Gent.* And so are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'T is all my business. At our last encounter, The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'T is very true: but that time offer'd sorrow; This general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'T is well: The citizens, I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds, (As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward,) In celebration of this day with shows, Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater, Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains, That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 't is the list Of those that claim their offices this day, By custom of the coronation. The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk, He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs, I should have been beholding^a to your paper.

^a *Beholding.*—This is not a corrupt word, but one constantly used by the writers of Shakspeare's day. We have an example of it in Greene's 'Groat's Worth of Wit.'

But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!— [*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets: then, enter,

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [*Music.*
4. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under*

it, the Queen in her robe ; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.

8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know ;—Who 's that that bears the sceptre ?

1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset :
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman : and that should be The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'T is the same ; high-steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk ?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee !

[*Looking on the QUEEN.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady ;

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all, are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed ;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a Third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her: while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up: and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams^a
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest
paces
Came to the altar: where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.

^a *Rams*—battering-rams.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her ; which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that is past :
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost ;
'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it ;
But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one, of Win-
chester,

(Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that :
However, yet there 's no great breach ; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell ;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between GRIF-
FITH and PATIENCE.*

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death :
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden : reach a chair ;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words,—“ O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !”

So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity :—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdoms : simony was fair play ;
His own opinion was his law : I' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning : He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : Ever witness for him

Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
I^lswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour : Peace be with him !
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep : Good wench, let's sit down
quiet,
For fear we wake her ;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces ; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance ; and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head ; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies ; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two,

who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promis'd me eternal happiness;

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,

Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour : go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon :
My haste made me unmannerly : There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Excunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too
late ;

'T is like a pardon after execution :
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me ;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam. [*Giving it to KATH.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding ;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;
I hope, she will deserve well ;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble ;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me ;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by ;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents :—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will ;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness :
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading KATH.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the
matter?

It seems you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She 'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'T will not, sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he 's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade^a of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue: And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have
Insens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd,
Have broken with^b the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board

^a *Trade*—habitual course, path trodden.—See 'Richard II.,'
Act III. Sc. 4.

^b *Broken with*—communicated with. So in the 'Two Gentle-
men of Verona:—'

"I am to *break* with thee of some affairs."

He be convented.^a He 's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long : good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord ; I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*

*As Lovell is going out, enter the KING, and the
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night ;
My mind 's not on 't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou ? ha !
To pray for her ? what, is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman ; and that her sufferances
made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady !

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir !

K. Hen. 'T is midnight, Charles,
Prithee to bed ; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone ;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

^a *Convented*—summoned.

K. Hen.

Charles, good night.

[*Exit* SUFFOLK.]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows ?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha ! Canterbury ?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'T is true : Where is he, Denny ?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

[*Exit* DENNY.]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake ;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*]

Ha !—I have said.—Be gone.

What !— [*Exeunt* LOVELL and DENNY.]

Cran. I am fearful :—Wherefore frowns he thus ?

'T is his aspect of terror. All 's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord ? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;

I have news to tell you : Come, come, give me your
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows :

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you ; which, being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us ; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower : You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness ;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury ;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend : Give me thy hand, stand up ;
Prithee, let 's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty ;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world ?
Your enemies are many, and not small ; their practices
Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it : At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt

To swear against you? such things have been done.
 You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
 I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
 And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
 The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
 They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
 You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
 I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit CRANMER*] He has
 strangled
 His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back. What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I
 bring

Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
 Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks

I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her—'t is a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 't is as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the
queen. [*Exit KING.*

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I 'll have
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this the girl is like to him?

I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now

While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c.,
attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentle-
man,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—
Hoa!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep.

Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran.

Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran.

So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily : The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'T is Butts,
The king's physician ; as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace ! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour : they would shame to make me
Wait else at door ; a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above, the KING and BUTTS.

Butts. I 'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What 's that, Butts ?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it ?

Butts. There, my lord :

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha ! 'T is he, indeed :

Is this the honour they do one another ?

'T is well there 's one above them yet. I had thought
They had parted^a so much honesty among them,
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery :
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close ;
We shall hear more anon.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a Parted—shared.

The Council-Chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary :
Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there ?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords ?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop ;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the council-table

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty : But we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh ; few are angels : out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,

My noble lords : for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle ;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic ; and what follows then ?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever to do well : nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it ! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where, being but a private man again,

You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend ; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful : I see your end,
'T is my undoing : Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition ;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That 's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been : 't is a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ! ?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest !
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.

Suf. 'T is the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'T is now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on 't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations

Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter KING, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to
heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear,
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now ; and in my presence,
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach ; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.

Good man, [*to CRANMER*] sit down. Now let me see
the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that 's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door ? and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom; There 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan.

Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him :
Take him, and use him well, he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canter-
bury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me ;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour : How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your
spoons; you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquis Dorset : Will these please you ?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain,
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.^a

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I 'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 't is as much impossible (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons) To scatter them, as 't is to make them sleep On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,

^a *Gaping*—shouting. The "gaping pig" of Shylock meant probably the roaring pig.

to mow them down before me : but, if I spare any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again ; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter ?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do ?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down oy the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us ? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door ! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand ; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose ; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance : That fire-drake^a did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me ; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *chubs* ! when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good my place ; at length they came to the broomstaff to me ; I defied them still ; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let

^a *Fire-drake.* An *ignis-fatuus* was so called ; and the name was also given to any artificial firework.

them win the work : The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-house, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here ! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves ?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows. There 's a trim rabble let in : Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour We are but men ; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done : An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads Clap round fines, for neglect : You are lazy knaves ; And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,^a when Ye should do service.—Hark, the trumpets sound ; They are come already from the christening : Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly ; or I 'll find A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

^a *Bumbards*—ale-barrels.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then Two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, Two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then Four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop,
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—

[*The KING kisses the child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her !)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own shall bless her :
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : Good grows with
her :

In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,

And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name,
Shall be, and make new nations : He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him :——Our children's children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen.

Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,

Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get anything :
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all,—to you, my good lord mayor,
And you, good brethren, I am much beholding ;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords ;
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay ;
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here : Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frightened with our trumpets ; so 't is clear,
They 'll say 't is naught : others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—“ that 's witty ! ”
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear,
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we show'd them : If they smile
And say, 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

END OF KING HENRY VIII.



ROMEO & JULIET.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ROMEO AND JULIET' was first printed in the year 1597. The second edition was printed in 1599. The title of that edition declares it to be "Newly corrected, augmented, and amended." There can be no doubt whatever that the corrections, augmentations, and emendations were those of the author. We know of nothing in literary history more curious or more instructive than the example of minute attention, as well as consummate skill, exhibited by Shakspeare in correcting, augmenting, and amending the first copy of this play.

"Of the truth of Juliet's story, they (the Veronese) seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love." Byron thus described the tomb of Juliet to his friend Moore, as he saw it at the close of autumn, when withered leaves had dropped into the decayed sarcophagus, and the vines that are trailed above it had been stripped of their fruit. His letter to Moore, in which this passage occurs, is dated the 7th November. But this wild and desolate garden only struck Byron as appropriate to the *legend*—to that simple tale of fierce hatreds and fatal loves which tradition has still preserved, amongst those who may never have read Luigi da Porto or Bandello, the Italian romancers who give the tale, and who, perhaps, never

heard the name of Shakspeare. To the legend only is the blighted place appropriate. For who that has ever been thoroughly imbued with the story of Juliet, as told by Shakspeare,—who that has heard his “glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul,”*—who that, in our great poet’s matchless delineation of Juliet’s love, has perceived “whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose,”†—who, indeed, that looks upon the tomb of the Juliet of Shakspeare, can see only a shapeless ruin amidst wildness and desolation?

“—— A grave? O, no: a lantern,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.”

In ‘Romeo and Juliet’ the principle of limiting the pathetic according to the degree in which it is calculated to produce emotions of pleasure, is interwoven with the whole structure and conduct of the play. The tragical part of the story, from the first scene to the last, is held in subjection to the beautiful. It is not only that the beautiful comes to the relief of the tragic, as in ‘Lear’ and ‘Othello,’ but here the tragic is only a mode of exhibiting the beautiful under its most striking aspects. Shakspeare never intended that the story of ‘Romeo and Juliet’ should lacerate the heart. When Mrs. Inchbald, therefore, said, in her preface to the acted play, “‘Romeo and Juliet’ is called a pathetic tragedy, but it is not so in reality—it charms the understanding and

* A. W. Schlegel’s Lectures.

† Ibid.

delights the imagination, without melting, though it touches, the heart,"—she paid the highest compliment to Shakspeare's skill as an artist, for he had thoroughly worked out his own idea.

Coleridge has described the homogeneousness—the totality of interest—which is the great characteristic of this play, by one of those beautiful analogies which could only proceed from the pen of a true poet:—

"Whence arises the harmony that strikes us in the wildest natural landscapes,—in the relative shapes of rocks, the harmony of colours in the heaths, ferns, and lichens, the leaves of the beech and the oak, the stems and rich brown branches of the birch and other mountain trees, varying from verging autumn to returning spring,—compared with the visual effect from the greater number of artificial plantations?—From this, that the natural landscape is effected, as it were, by a single energy modified *ab intra* in each component part. And as this is the particular excellence of the Shaksperian drama generally, so is it especially characteristic of the 'Romeo and Juliet.' " *

Schlegel carried out the proofs of this assertion in an Essay on 'Romeo and Juliet'; † in which, to use his own words, he "went through the whole of the scenes in their order, and demonstrated the inward necessity of each with reference to the whole; showed why such a particular circle of characters and relations was placed around the two lovers; explained the signification of the mirth here and there scattered; and justified the use of the occasional heightening given to the poetical

* Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 150.

† Charakteristiken und Kritiken.

colours.”* Schlegel wisely did this to exhibit what is more remarkable in Shakspeare than in any other poet, “the thorough formation of a work, even in its minutest part, according to a leading idea—the dominion of the animating spirit over all the means of execution.”† The general criticism of Schlegel upon ‘Romeo and Juliet’ is based upon a perfect comprehension of this great principle upon which Shakspeare worked. The following is the close of a celebrated passage upon ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ which has often been quoted;—but it is altogether so true and so beautiful, that we cannot resist the pleasure of circulating it still more widely:—

“Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem. But, even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly-bold declaration of love and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; then, amidst alternating storms of rapture and despair, to the death of the two lovers, who still appear enviable as their love survives them, and as by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power. The sweetest and the bitterest, love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fulness of life and self-annihilation, are all here brought close to each other; and all these contrasts are so blended in the harmonious and wonderful work into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind resembles a single but endless sigh.” ‡

* Lectures.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 3.*

*MONTAGUE, head of a house, at variance with the
house of Capulet.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

*CAPULET, head of a house, at variance with the
house of Montague.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.*

An old Man, uncle to Capulet.

Appears, Act I. sc. 5.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2
sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V.
sc. 1; sc. 3.*

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4.
Act III. sc. 1.*

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1.

FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1;
sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

FRIAR JOHN, a Franciscan.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SAMPSON, *servant to Capulet.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

GREGORY, *servant to Capulet.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

ABRAM, *servant to Montague.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

An Apothecary.
Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

Three Musicians.
Appear, Act IV. sc. 5.

Chorus.
Appears, Act I.

Boy.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

Page to Paris.
Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

PETER.
Appears, Act II. sc. 4 ; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 5.

An Officer.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.

LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4 ; sc. 5. Act IV.
sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 3 ; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 5 ; sc. 6.
Act III. sc. 2 ; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 3.

Nurse to Juliet.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3 ; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 5. Act III
sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 5.

Citizens of Verona ; several Men and Women, relations to both houses ; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, — DURING THE GREATER PART OF THE
 PLAY, IN VERONA ; ONCE (IN THE FIFTH ACT)
 AT MANTUA.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
 Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
 The which if you with patient ears attend,
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we 'll not carry coals.^a

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, if we be in choler, we 'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

^a To carry coals was to submit to servile offices.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 't is known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'T is well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.^a Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

^a *Poor John*—hake, dried and salted.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them ; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you ; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

X *Gre.* Say—better ; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.^a [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools ; put up your swords ; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace ; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, draw, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee :

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

^a The swashing blow was a blow upon the buckler.

Enter several partisans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away :
You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE and Attendants; CAPULET, LADY
CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach :
I drew to part them ; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo ?—saw you him to-day ?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from this city's side,
So early walking did I see your son :
Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood :
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many others, friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here 's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O anything, of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he 's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will :—
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill !—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I
love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss : she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.^a

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live
chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste ;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair :
She hath forsworn to love ; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'T is the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more :

^a The scene ends here in (A) ; and the three first lines in the next scene are also wanting. (B) has them.

These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair ?
Farewell : thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And a Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both ;
And pity 't is, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :^b
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent^c is but a part ;

^a So (*D*). The folio omits *And*.

^b *Lady of my earth.* Fille de terre being the French phrase for an heiress, Steevens thinks that Capulet speaks of Juliet in this sense ; but Shakspeare uses earth for the mortal part, as in the 146th Sonnet :—

“ Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth.”

^c *My will to her consent.* In proportion to, or with reference to, her consent.

An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me ;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*gives a paper.*] and to
 them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here ?
It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with
his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his
pencil, and the painter with his nets ; but I am sent to
find those persons, whose names are writ, and can never
find what names the writing person hath here writ. I
must to the learned :—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man ! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning ;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish :
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is :
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book :
But I pray, can you read anything you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly ; Rest you merry !

Rom. Stay, fellow : I can read. [*Reads.*

*Signor Martino, and his wife and daughters ;
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters ; the lady
widow of Vitruvio ; Signor Placentio, and his lovely
nieces ; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine ; Mine
uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters ; My fair niece
Rosaline ; Livia ; Signor Valentio, and his cousin
Tybalt ; Lucio, and the lively Helena.*

A fair assembly ; [*gives back the note.*] Whither should
they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking : My master
is the great rich Capulet ; and if you be not of the house
of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.
Rest you merry. [*Exit*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st ;
With all the admired beauties of Verona :
Go thither : and, with unattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires !
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars !
One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut ! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye :
But in that crystal scales,^a let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Nurse, where 's my daughter ? call her
forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my maiden-head,—at twelve year
old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb ! what, lady-bird !—
God forbid !—where 's this girl ?—what, Juliet !

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls ?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter :—Nurse, give leave
awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again ;

^a *Scales*—used as a singular noun.

I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter 's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She 's not fourteen.

Nurse. I 'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teen^a be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen.—How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:^b—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man!—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?

^a Teen—sorrow.

^b Bear a brain—have a memory—a common expression.

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—Ay:
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it; Wilt thou not, Jule? quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it stinted,^a and said—Ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay:
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A parlous^b knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—Ay.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his
grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was a mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

^a *It stinted*—it stopped.

^b *Parlous*—a corruption of the word *perilous*

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you ? can you love the gentleman ?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;
Examine every several lineament,
And see how one another lends content ;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover :
The fish lives in the sea ; and 't is much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide :
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ? nay, bigger ; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move :

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed
in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must
hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with Five or Six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity :
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance :
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling ;
Being but heavy I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles : I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers ; and to bound—
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love :
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous ; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in :

[*Putting on a mask.*

A visor for a visor !—what care I,

What curious eye doth quote^a deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this, sir reverence, love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, lights, lights, by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces of the smallest spider's web;

^a Quote—observe.

Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film:
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:^a
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing.

^a *A suit.* A court solicitation was called a suit.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;^a and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

^a *Marchpane*—a kind of sweet cake or biscuit, sometimes called almond-cake. Our maccaroons are diminutive marchpanes.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys ; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*]

Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests, and the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen ! ladies, that have their toes

Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you :—

Ah ha, my mistresses ! which of you all

Will now deny to dance ? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns ; Am I come near ye now ?

Welcome, gentlemen ! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor ; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please ; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone :

You are welcome, gentlemen !—Come, musicians, play.

A hall ! a hall ! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance*]

More light, ye knaves ; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin^a Capulet ;

For you and I are past our dancing days :

How long is 't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask ?

2 *Cap.* By 'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man ! 't is not so much, 't is not so much :

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five-and-twenty years ; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'T is more, 't is more : his son is elder, sir ; His son is thirty.

^a *Good cousin Capulet.* The word cousin, in Shakspeare, is applied to any collateral relation of whatever degree.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady 's that, which doth enrich the
hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What? dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is 't?

Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,

Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy: Is 't so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath^a you;—I know what
You must contrary^b me!—marry, 't is time—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox;^c go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light.—For shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand
[To JULIET.]

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

^a To scath—to injure.

^b Contrary. Sir Philip Sidney, and many other old writers use this as a verb.

^c Princox—coxcumb.

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'
sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I
take.

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous :
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal ;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.^a

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, [*To 2 Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

^a Towards—ready; at hand.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name :—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague ;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this ? What's this ?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, JULIET.

Nurse. Anon, anon :—
Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir ;
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks ;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved anywhere :
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham^a Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape^b is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

^a All the old copies have "*Abraham.*" This has been changed to "*Adam,*" supposing the allusion was to the Adam Bell of the old Ballad. The "*Abraham*" Cupid is the cheat—the "*Abraham man*" of our old statutes.

^b *The ape*—an expression of kindly familiarity, applied to a young man.

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous^a night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night:—I 'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid,^b since she is envious;

^a *Humorous*, dewy,—vaporous.

^b Be not a votary to Diana.

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady: O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul.

Ah me!

Rom.

She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*

Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though,^a not a Montague.

^a Juliet places his personal qualities in opposition to what she thought evil of his family.

What 's Montague? it is nor hand nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What 's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am;
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.^a

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and where-
fore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

^a *Dislike*—displease.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
eyes ;

And, but thou love me,^a let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face ;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment !^b
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—Ay ;
And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light :
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;

^a *But thou love me.*—So thou do but love me.

^b *Farewell compliment*—farewell respect for forms.

And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens! Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.]

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come:—
So cease thy strife and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light—
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[Retiring slowly.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo.

Rom. My—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Jul. What o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone :
And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I :
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast !—
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell ;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;

And flecked^a darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels :
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that 's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb :
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find :
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will ;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. *Benedicite !*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;

^a *Flecked*—dappled.

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature,
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That 's my good son : But where hast thou been
then ?

Rom. I 'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That 's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies ;
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is
set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage : When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I 'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there 's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I 'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow ; They stumble, that run fast.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?—
Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin^a of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,^b I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song,^c keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the puncto reverso! the hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasicoes; these new tuners of accents!—By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashionmongers, these *pardon-mes*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, flesh,

^a The centre of the target, where the pin fastened the clout.

^b Tybert is the name given to the cat in the story of Reynard the Fox.

^c *Prick-song*, music pricked, or noted, down, so as to read according to rule; in contradistinction to music learnt by the ear, or sung from memory.

flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to berhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so,^a but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip;^b can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.^c

Mer. Sure wit. Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

^a The grey eye—the blue eye—was the most beautiful. In the 'Venus and Adonis,' Venus says, "Thine eyes are grey."

^b *Slip* was the common name for counterfeit money.

^c The pump was the shoe. We retain the word. The ribbons in the pump were shaped as flowers.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening;^a it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel,^b that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter NURSE and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

^a The name of an apple.

^b Kid leather—from *chevreuil*—a roebuck.

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan 's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'T is no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent.
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.
[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I 'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir ; not a penny.

Rom. Go to ; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir ? well, she shall be there

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall :
Within this hour my man shall be with thee ;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair :
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell !—Be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains.

Farewell !—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee !—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse ?

Nurse. Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear say
Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

Rom. I warrant thee ; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir ; my mistress is the sweetest lady
—Lord, lord !—when 't was a little prating thing,—
O, there 's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would
fain lay knife aboard ; but she, good soul, had as lieve
see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her some-
times, and tell her that Paris is the properer man : but
I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as
any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and
Romeo begin both with a letter ?

Rom. Ay, nurse ; What of that ? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker ! that 's the dog's name. R is
for the dog.^a No ; I know it begins with some other
letter : and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of
you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter !

Pet. Anon ?

Nurse. Before, and apace. [Exeunt.

^a R was called the dog's letter—because it “hirreth in the sound.”

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse ;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him :—that 's not so.—

O, she 's lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over lowring hills :

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey ; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She 'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me :

But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news ?

Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord ! why look'st thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;

If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while ;

Fie, how my bones ache ! What a jaunt have I had !

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news :

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he;
though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg
excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a
body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are
past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but,
I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways,
wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that!

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head
have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces,
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:
Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here 's such a coil,—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife :

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church ; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark :

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight ;

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I 'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune !—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

Rom. Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume : The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so :
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady ;—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come, with me, and we will make short
work ;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad.
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels! an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

* *Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery: Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting :—Villain am I none ;
'Therefore, farewell ; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
Alla stoccata^a carries it away. [Draws.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your
nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as
you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher^b
by the ears ? make haste, lest mine be about your ears
ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage ;
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.
Hold Tybalt—good Mercutio—

[Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.

Mer. I am hurt.—

A plague o' both the houses !—I am sped :
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What, art thou hurt ?

^a *Alla stoccata*—the Italian term of art for the thrust with a rapier.

^b Scabbard.

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—What, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses,
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin.—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight*; *TYBALT falls*.]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. Oh! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [*Exit ROM.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their
Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince,—O cousin,—husband,—the blood is spill'd

Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—

O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence his body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging ; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
That, unawares, eyes may wink ; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties : or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
Hood my unmann'd^a blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.

^a *Unmann'd.* A term of falconry. To man a hawk is to accustom her to the falconer who trains her

Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter NURSE, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the
cords,

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring thy
hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he 's dead, he 's dead, he 's
dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he 's gone, he 's kill'd, he 's dead!—

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—

Whoever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice :
I am not I, if there be such an I ;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, I.
If he be slain, say—I ; or if not, no :
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark !—here on his manly breast :
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood ;—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart !—poor bankrout, break at
once !

To prison, eyes ! ne'er look on liberty !
Vile earth, to earth resign ; end motion here ;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier !

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had !
O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !
That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary ?
Is Romeo slaughter'd ; and is Tybalt dead ?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord ?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom !
For who is living, if those two are gone ?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished ;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God !—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood ?

Nurse. It did, it did ; alas the day ! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face !
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?
Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !
Dove-feather'd raven ! wolfish-ravens lamb !
Despised substance of divinest show !
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain !—
O, nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all nought, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband
All this is comfort: Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt 's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead :—*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word 's death ; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :
Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine shall
be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords :—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I ; for Romeo is exil'd :
He made you for a highway to my bed ;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cord ; come, nurse ; I 'll to my wedding bed ;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse. Hie to your chamber : I 'll find Romeo
To comfort you :—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night ;
I 'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful
man ;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death.
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banished
Is death mis-term'd. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,

Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
This may flies do, when I from this must fly—
(And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death)—
But Romeo may not, he is banished.

Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me ; banished ?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it : How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banished ?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I 'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished ?—Hang up philosophy !
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
no eyes ?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel :
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise ; one knocks ; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who 's there?—Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken :—Stay a while;—stand up;

[*Knocking.*
Run to my study :—By and by :—God's will!

What simpleness is this?—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what 's your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where 's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering :—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man :
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death 's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her ; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Draws his sword*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man !
And ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !
Thou hast amaz'd me : by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth ?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once ; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which would bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man :
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish :
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy :
The law, that threaten'd death, became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile ; there art thou happy :
A pack of blessing lights upon thy back ;
Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou putt'st up thy fortune and thy love :
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go, before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the
night,
To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !—
My lord, I 'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Ex. Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. Go hence : Good night ; and here stands all
your state ;

Either begone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence ;
Sojourn in Mantua : I 'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here :
Give me thy hand ; 't is late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee :
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter :
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I ;—Well ; we were born to die.—
'T is very late, she 'll not come down to-night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo ;
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;
To-night she 's mew'd^a up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft ; What day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl :—
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We 'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :—

^a Another term of falconry. The *mew* is the hawk's cage.

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone :— O' Thursday be it then :—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by :—Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Loggia to Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's tops ;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I 'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,

'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
 I have more care to stay than will to go ;—
 Come, death, and welcome !—Juliet wills it so.—
 How is 't, my soul ? let 's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;^a
 This doth not so, for she divideth us :
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
 O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
 O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light ?—more dark and dark
 our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber :
 The day is broke ; be wary, look about. [*Ex. Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Rom. descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so ? love ! lord ! ay—husband,
 friend !

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
 For in a minute there are many days :
 O ! by this count I shall be much in years,
 Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity
 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again ?

^a *Sweet division.* A division in music is a number of quick notes sung to one syllable ; a kind of warbling.

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit* ROMEO.]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the
friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for
his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou
not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead—
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such
a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris :—These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE:

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew ;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?
Evermore showering ? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife ?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have :

Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now ! how now, chop-logic ! What is this ?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not ;—
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion ! out, you baggage !
You tallow face !

La. Cap. Fie, fie ! what, are you mad ?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient wretch !
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face :
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had lent us but this only child ;
But now I see this one is one too much,
'And that we have a curse in having her ;
Out on her, hilding !

Nurse. God in heaven bless her !—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue,
Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den !

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd ; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—*I 'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me ;—*
But, an you will not wed, I 'll pardon you :
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
An you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend ;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
Trust to 't, bethink you, I 'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief ?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I 'll not speak a word ;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God !—O nurse ! how shall this be prevented ?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth ?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself !
What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 't is : Romeo
Is banished ; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he 's a lovely gentleman !
Romeo 's a dishclout to him ; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first : or if it did not,
Your first is dead ; or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. From my soul too ;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen !

Nurse. What ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times ?—Go, counsellor ;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I 'll to the friar, to know his remedy ;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so :
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind ;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love :

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway ;

And in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears ;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society :

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[*Aside.*

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That 's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that ;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that
report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth ;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now :—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :
Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. [*Ex. PARIS.*]

Jul. O, shut the door ! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me : Past hope, past care, past help !

Fri. O Juliet, I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower,
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death;
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindreds' grave,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame:
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O tell not me of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help
afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit* Servant.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 *Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Serv.* Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit* Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed^a love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well,—stand up:
This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,

^a *Becomed*—becoming.

To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET and NURSE.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'T is now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night:—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE.*]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :

I'll call them back again to comfort me ;—

Nurse !—What should she do here ?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning ?

No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there.—

[Laying down a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo ?

I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man :

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me ? there 's a fearful point !

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—

Alack, alack ! it is not like, that I,

So early waking,—what with loathsome smells ;

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad ;—

O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo,—here's drink—I drink to thee.
[She throws herself on the bed.]

SCENE IV.—Capulet's Hall.

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
 nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath
 crow'd.

The curfeu bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:—

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
 Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
 For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
 All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
 time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
 What's there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not
 what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*]—
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good father, 't is day:
The county will be here with music straight,
[*Music within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I
warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb!—Why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweetheart!—why,
bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I must needs wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!

Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She 's dead, deceas'd, she 's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she 's dead, she's dead,
she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she 's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that bath ta'en her hence to make me
wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife:—There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder, our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead!
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 't was your heaven, she should be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:

For though some^a nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral :
Our instruments to melancholy bells ;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast ;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—
And go, sir Paris ;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill.
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt CAP., L. CAP., PARIS, and FRIAR.*]

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit NURSE.*]

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease* ; O, an you will have me live, play *heart's ease*.

1 Mus. Why *heart's ease* ?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—
My heart is full : O play me some merry dump,^b to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we ; 't is no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No money, on my faith ; but the glee : I will give you the minstrel.

^a *Some nature*—some impulses of nature—some part of our nature.

^b *Dump*—a tune so called.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you;^a Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;

Why, silver-sound? why music with her silver sound?
What say you, Simon Catling?^b

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebeck?^c

2 *Mus.* I say—silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-post?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—music with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit, sing*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here:
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

^a *I'll re you, I'll fa you.* *Re* and *fa* are the syllables, or names, given in solmization, or sol-fa-ing to the sounds *d* and *f* in the musical scale.

^b *Catling*—a lute-string.

^c *Rebeck*—the three-stringed violin.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Street.**Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead ;
(Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona !—How now, Balthasar ?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?
How doth my lady Juliet ? That I ask again ;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars !—
Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd :
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter : get thee gone
And hire those horses ; I 'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let 's see for means :—O, mischief ! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !

I do remember an apothecary,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,

Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said—

And if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

O, this same thought did but forerun my need ;

And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house :

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—

What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor ;

Hold, there is forty ducats ; let me have

A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding geer

As will disperse itself through all the veins,

That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;

And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath

As violently, as hasty powder fir'd

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law ;
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pray thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell :
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell : buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison ; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua : What says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him,—the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee;
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,^a but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Church-yard; in it, a Monument
belonging to the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. [Retires.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal-bed I strew:
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans;

^a *Nice*—trivial.

The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rite?

What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while. [*Retires.*

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch,
mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light; Upon thy life I charge thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:

But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring; a ring, that I must use

In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,

And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-wild;

More fierce, and more inexorable far,

Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou
that:

Live and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,

Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,
It is supposed the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—[*Advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone,
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
boy.

[*They fight.*

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—

A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here 's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary;
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

Enter at the other end of the church-yard, Friar LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who 's there?

Bal. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls; as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there 's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir;

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me:
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!—[*Advances.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the monument.*

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs.

[*JULIET wakes and stirs.*

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am :—where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*]

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep ;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents ; come, come, away :
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;
And Paris too ; come, I 'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare no
longer stay. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What 's here ? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand ?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end :—
O churl ! drink all ; and left no friendly drop,
To help me after ?—I will kiss thy lips ;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]
Thy lips are warm !

I Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy :—Which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise ?—then I 'll be brief.—O happy dagger !
[*Snatching ROMEO's dagger.*]
This is thy sheath ; [*Stabs herself.*] there rust, and let
me die. [*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place ; there, where the torch doth burn.

I Watch. The ground is bloody ; Search about the
church-yard :

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach. [*Ex. some.*]
Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;—
And Juliet bleeding ; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search ;—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in
the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety till the prince come
hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and
weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the streets cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your ears ?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter
bleeds !

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,^a—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

^a The dagger was worn at the back.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,

Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking), here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—

Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*]

Hamlet



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE earliest edition of 'Hamlet' known to exist is that of 1603. It bears the following title: 'The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, by William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London, printed for N. L. and John Trundell, 1603.' The only known copy of this edition is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire; and that copy is not quite perfect. It was reprinted in 1825.

The second edition of 'Hamlet' was printed in 1604, under the following title: 'The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and *enlarged to almost as much againe as it was*, according to the true and perfect coppie. Printed by J. R. for N. Landure, 1604, 4to.' This edition was reprinted in 1605, in 1609, in 1611, and there is also a quarto edition without a date.

In the folio of 1623 some passages which are found in the quarto of 1604 are omitted. In our text we have given these passages. In other respects our text, with one or two minute exceptions, is wholly founded upon the folio of 1623. From this circumstance our edition will be found considerably to differ from the text of Johnson and Steevens, of Reed, of Malone, and of all the current editions which are founded upon these.

In the reprint of the edition of 1603, it is stated to be "the only known copy of this tragedy, *as originally written by Shakespeare*, which he afterwards altered and enlarged." We believe that this description is correct; that this remarkable copy gives us the play as originally written by Shakspeare. It may have been piratical, and we think it was so. The 'Hamlet' of 1603 is a sketch of the perfect 'Hamlet,' and probably a corrupt copy of that sketch.

The comprehension of this tragedy is the history of a man's own mind. In some shape or other, 'Hamlet the Dane' very early becomes familiar to almost every youth of tolerable education. He is sometimes presented through the medium of the stage; more frequently in some one of the manifold editions of the acted play. The sublime scenes where the Ghost appears are known even to the youngest school-boy, in his 'Speakers' and 'Readers;' and so is the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be." As we in early life become acquainted with the complete acted play, we hate the King,—we weep for Ophelia,—we think Hamlet is cruel to her,—we are perhaps inclined with Dr. Johnson to laugh at Hamlet's madness—"the pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth"—we wonder that Hamlet does not kill the King earlier,—and we believe, as Garrick believed, that the catastrophe might have been greatly improved, seeing that the wicked and the virtuous ought not to fall together, as it were by accident.

A few years onward, and we have become acquainted with the 'Hamlet' of Shakspeare,—not the 'Hamlet

of the players. The book is now the companion of our lonely walks;—its recollections hang about our most cherished thoughts. We think less of the dramatic movement of the play, than of the glimpses which it affords of the high and solemn things that belong to our being. We see Hamlet habitually subjected to the spiritual part of his nature, — communing with thoughts that are not of this world, — abstracted from the business of life, — but yet exhibiting a most vigorous intellect, and an exquisite taste. But there is that about him which we cannot understand. Is he essentially “in madness,” or mad “only in craft?” Where is the line to be drawn between his artificial and his real character? There is something altogether indefinable and mysterious in the poet’s delineation of this character;—something wild and irregular in the circumstances with which the character is associated,—we see that Hamlet is propelled, rather than propelling. But why is this turn given to the delineation? We cannot exactly tell. Perhaps some of the very charm of the play to the adult mind is its mysteriousness. It awakes not only thoughts of the grand and the beautiful, but of the incomprehensible. Its obscurity constitutes a portion of its sublimity. This is the stage in which most minds are content to rest, and, perhaps, advantageously so, with regard to the comprehension of ‘Hamlet.’

The final appreciation of the ‘Hamlet’ of Shakspeare belongs to the development of the critical faculty,—to the cultivation of it by reading and reflection. Without much acquaintance with the thoughts of others, many

men, we have no doubt, being earnest and diligent students of Shakspeare, have arrived at a tolerably adequate comprehension of his *idea* in this wonderful play. In passing through the stage of admiration they have utterly rejected the trash which the commentators have heaped upon it, under the name of criticism,—the solemn commonplaces of Johnson, the flippant and insolent attacks of Steevens. When the one says, “the apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose,”—and the other talks of the “*absurdities*” which deform the piece, and “the *immoral* character of Hamlet,”—the love for Shakspeare tells them, that remarks such as these belong to the same class of prejudices as Voltaire’s “*monstruosités et fossoyeurs*.” But after they have rejected all that belongs to criticism without love, the very depth of the reverence of another school of critics may tend to perplex them. The quantity alone that has been written in illustration of ‘Hamlet’ is embarrassing. We have only one word here to say to the anxious student of ‘Hamlet:’ “Read, and again, and again.” These are the words which the Editors of the folio of 1623 addressed “to the great variety of readers” as to Shakspeare generally: “Read him, therefore; and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him.”

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

HAMLET, *son to the former, and nephew to the present King.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1;
sc. 2.

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV.
sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1;
sc. 2.

VOLTIMAND, *a courtier.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

CORNELIUS, *a courtier.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

ROSENCRANTZ, *a courtier.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV.
sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

GUILDENSTERN, *a courtier.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V.
sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

OSRIC, *a courtier.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

A Courtier.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5.

A Priest.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

MARCELLUS, *an officer.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5.

BERNARDO, *an officer.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.

FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

A Captain.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

An Ambassador.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 4.

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

OPHELIA, *daughter of Polonius.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act
IV. sc. 5.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—ELLSINORE.

HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who 's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me :^a stand, and unfold Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king !

Fran. Bernardo ?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'T is now struck twelve ; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks : 't is bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard ?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals^b of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand ! who is there ?

^a Answer *me*. I, the sentinel, challenge *you*. Bernardo then gives the answer to the challenge, or watch-word—"Long live the king !"

^b *Rivals*—partners, companions.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.^a

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier :

Who hath reliev'd you ?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night. [Exit FRAN.]

Mar. Holla ! Bernardo !

Ber. Say.

What, is Horatio there ?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio ; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night ?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 't is but our fantasy ;

And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us :

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night ;

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes,^b and speak to it.

Hor. Tush ! tush ! 't will not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile ;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yon same star, that 's westward from the pole,

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,

The bell then beating one,—

^a This form of expression is an abbreviation of "may God give you good night;" and our "good night" is an abbreviation abbreviated.

^b Confirm what we have seen.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, wneere it comes again!

Enter GHOST.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that 's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.^a

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: speak I charge thee, speak.

[*Exit GHOST*

Mar. 'T is gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on 't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks^b on the ice.
'T is strange.

^a Exorcisms were usually performed in Latin—the language of the church-service.

^b *Polacks*—Poles.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war:

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week:

What might be toward ^a that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;

Who is 't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,

Which he stood seiz'd on, to the conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety competent

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant

And carriage of the article design'd,

His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

^a What might be in preparation. *To-weard, to-ward*, is the Anglo-Saxon participle, equivalent to *coming, about to come*.

Of unimproved^a mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
 Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
 For food and diet, to some enterprize
 That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other
 (And it doth well appear unto our state,)
 But to recover of us, by strong hand,
 And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands
 So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations;
 The source of this our watch; and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage^b in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even so:
 Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch: so like the king
 That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A moth it is to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
 As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,^c
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen^d coming on,
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Re-enter GHOST.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!

^a *Unimproved.* *Improve* was originally used for *reprove*.

^b *Romage.* The stowing of a ship is the *roomage*; the stower is the *romager*.

^c The *moist star* is the *moon*.

^d *Omen* is here put for "portentous event."

I 'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion !
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me :

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me :

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak !

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[*Cock crows.*]

Speak of it :—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber.

'T is here !

Hor.

'T is here !

Mar. 'T is gone !

[*Exit GHOST.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence ;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine : and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :

And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes,^a nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill :
Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet : for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him :
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let 's do 't, I pray : and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the
same.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LA-
ERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, and Lords At-
tendant.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green ; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 't were, with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious and one dropping eye ;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage
In equal scale, weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife : nor have we herein barr'd

^a *Takes*—seizes with disease.

Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait^a herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:^b and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor., Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our
duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOL. and COR.*

And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you?
You told us of some suit? What is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,

^a *Gait*—progress, the act of going.

^b *Out of his subject*—out of those subject to him.

The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says
Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.^a

[*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 't is common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

^a The King has called him "my cousin Hamlet." He says, in a suppressed tone, "A little more than kin"—a little more than cousin. The King adds, "and my son." Hamlet says, "less than kind;"—I am little of the same *nature* with you. *Kind* is constantly used in the sense of *nature* by Ben Jonson and other contemporaries of Shakspeare.

Ham. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly : These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that within which passeth show ;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious ^a sorrow : But to persever
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 't is unmanly grief :
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven ;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd :
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart ? Fye ! 't is a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd ; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
“ This must be so.” We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe ; and think of us
As of a father : for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And, with no less nobility of love,

^a *Obsequious* sorrow—funereal sorrow,—from *obsequies*

Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire :
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply ;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell ;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Ex. KING, QUEEN, Lords, &c., POL., and LAERTES.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world !
Fye on 't ! O fye ! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two ;
So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on : And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't ;—Frailty, thy name is woman !

A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she,—
O heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,^a
Would have mourn'd longer, — married with mine
uncle,

My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules : Within a month ;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,
She married :—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets ;
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue !

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well :
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I 'll change that name
with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—
Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you ; good even, sir,—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not have your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself : I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore ?
We 'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

^a *Discourse* of reason is the *discursion* of reason—the faculty of pursuing a train of thought, or of passing from one thought to another.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift,^a Horatio ! the funeral bak'd
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio !—

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O, where,

My lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! who ?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father !

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear ; till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they, bestill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

^a *Thrift, thrift.* It was a frugal arrangement,—a thrifty proceeding.

Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did:

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'T is very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?^a

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not
His face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

^a "Arm'd, say you?" without doubt, is asked with reference to the Ghost, who has been described by Horatio as

"Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pé."

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like : Stay'd it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar., Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizly ? no.

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night ;
Perchance, 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be treble in your silence still ;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well :
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your love, as mine to you : Farewell.

[*Exeunt HOR., MAR., and BER.*]

My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : 'would the night were come !
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Polonius' House.**Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

Laer. My necessities are embark'd; farewell;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more :
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch^a
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The sanctity and health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says, he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar sect and force
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,

^a *Soil*, is a spot; *cautel*, a crafty way to deceive; *besmirch*, to sully.

If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest^a maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchmen to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.^b

Laer. O fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for. There, my blessing with you!

[*Laying his hand on* LAERTES' head.]

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

^a *Chariest*—most cautious.

^b *Read*—counsel, doctrine.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel : but, being in,
 Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are of a most select and generous chief in that.^a
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,—To thine ownself be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well
 What I have said to you.

Oph. 'T is in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [Exit LAERTES.

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
 Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought :
 'T is told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you : and you yourself

^a *Chief.* *Chef*, literally the head, here signifies *eminence*, *superiority*. Those of the best rank and station are of a most select and generous superiority in the indication of their dignity by their apparel.

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous :
If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour :
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ? puh ! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I 'll teach you : think yourself a baby ;
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly ;
Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Roaming it thus,) you 'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my
lord,
With all the vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Gives the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time, daughter,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence ;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young ;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you : In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers ;—
Not of the eye which their investments show,

But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly. Is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; then it draws near
the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance
shot off, within.*

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
rouse,

Keeps wassels, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't:

And to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition ; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners ; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect ;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault : The dram of ill
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !--
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me :
Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak ; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again ;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea ?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness ? think of it :
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It wafts me still :—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off' your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[GHOST beckons.]

Still am I call'd ;—unhand me, gentlemen ;

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me :—^a

I say, away :—Go on, I 'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt GHOST and HAMLET.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let 's follow ; 't is not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after :—To what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let 's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A more remote Part of the Platform.*

Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me ? speak, I 'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost !

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What ?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;

^a *Lets me*—obstructs me.

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood :—List, Hamlet, O list !—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murther ?

Ghost. Murther most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it ; that I, with wings as
swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now Hamlet, hear :
'T is given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,
'The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul ! mine uncle !

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen :
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor

To those of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven ;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But soft ! methinks, I scent the morning's air ;
Brief let me be :—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment ; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like aigre droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;
And a most instant tetter bak'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once despatch'd ;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;^a
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head :
O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.

^a These words describe the last offices which were performed to the dying. To *housel*, is to "minister the communion to one who lyeth on his death-bed." *Disappointed*, is, not appointed, not prepared. *Unanel'd*, is, without the administration of extreme unction, which was called *anointing*.

But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu, Hamlet! remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What
 else?

And shall I couple hell?—O fye!—Hold, my heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, yes, by heaven.
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables, my tables,—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark; [Writing.
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
 It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me."
 I have sworn 't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord,—

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!

Mar. [Within.] So be it!

Hor. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You 'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?

But you 'll be secret,—

Hor., Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There 's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,

But he 's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;

You, as your business and desire shall point you—

For every man has business and desire,

Such as it is,—and for mine own poor part,

Look you, I 'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my lord.

Ham. I 'm sorry they offend you, heartily;

Yes, 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There 's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, my lord.

And much offence too, touching this vision here.

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;

For your desire to know what is between us;

O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord?

We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor., Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there,
truepenny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen.

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground:—

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the ground
so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
With arms encumber'd thus, or thus head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if we
would;"—
Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if there
might;"—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—This not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Polonius' House.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him his money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said : very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers^a are in Paris ;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence ; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it :
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him ;
As thus,—“ I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him ;”—Do you mark this, Reynaldo ?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. “ And, in part, him ;—but,” you may say,
“ not well :

But, if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild ;
Addicted so and so ;”—and there put on him
What forgeries you please ; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him ; take heed of that ;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

^a *Danske* is used by old writers as the ancient name of Denmark.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling, Drabbing :—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge. You must not put another scandal on him, That he is open to incontinency; That 's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty :
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind ;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this ?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here 's my drift ;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant :
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence ;
“ Good sir,” or so ; or, “ friend, or gentleman,”—
According to the phrase and the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—
What was I about to say ?
I was about to say something :—Where did I leave ?

Rey. At, “ closes in the consequence.”
At “ friend, or so, and gentleman.”

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—Ay, marry ;
He closes with you thus :—“ I know the gentleman ;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,

Or then, or then; with such, and such; and, as you
say,

There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse :
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale
(Videlicet, a brothel,) or so forth.—

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth :

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlaces, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out ;

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son : You have me, have you not ?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you ; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell !—How now, Ophelia ? what 's the
matter ?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd ;
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle ;
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Oph. My lord, I do not know ;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus, o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes^a itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted^b him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might
move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

^a *Foredoes*—destroys, undoes.

^b *Quoted*—observed, noted.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot deem of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of
you;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. We both obey ;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz :
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring the gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him !

Queen. Amen !

[*Exeunt Ros., GUIL., and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord ? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, one to my gracious king :
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that ; that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors ;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit POL.*]

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main ;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack;
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [*Gives a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for his enterprize;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;

And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.

Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:

Most welcome home! [*Exeunt* VOLT. *and* CORN.]

Pol. This business is very well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate

What majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
 I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
 Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
 What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad:
 But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
 That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true, 't is pity;
 And pity 't is, 't is true: a foolish figure;
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
 That we find out the cause of this effect;
 Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
 For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
 Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.

—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
 Ophelia,"—

That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is a vile
 phrase; but you shall hear.

"These. In her excellent white bosom, these."^a

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

"Doubt thou, the stars are fire;
 Doubt, that the sun doth move;
 Doubt truth to be a liar;
 But never doubt, I love.

[*Reads.*

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to
 reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, be-
 lieve it. Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
 this machine is to him, Hamlet."

^a The ladies of Elizabeth's day, and much later, wore a
 small pocket in the front of their stays.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter showed me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you
think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
"Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness whereon now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 't is this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I 'd fain know
that,)

That I have positively said, "'T is so,"
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise :

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he has, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him :

Be you and I behind an arras then ;
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
And keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away ;
I 'll boord^a him presently :—O, give me leave.—

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.*

How does my good lord Hamlet ?

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of two thousand.

Pol. That 's very true, my lord.

^a *Boord, bourd, or board, is to accost.*

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,^a—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun : conception is a blessing ; but not as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to 't.

Pol. How say you by that ? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter ;—yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a fishmonger : He is far gone, far gone : and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love ; very near this. I 'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words !

Pol. What is the matter, my lord ?

Ham. Between who ?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir ; for the satirical slave says here, that old men have grey beards ; that their faces are wrinkled ; their eyes purging thick amber, or plum-tree gum ; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with weak hams : All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down ; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord ?

Ham. Into my grave ?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. How pregnant sometimes his replies are ! a happiness that often mad-

^a The ordinary reading, which was suggested by Warburton, is, "being a *god*, kissing carrion." The text, as we give it, is that of the quartos and the folios. We fear that this "noble emendation," as Johnson calls it, cannot be sustained by what follows. The carrion is good at kissing—ready to return the kiss of the sun—"Common kissing Titan,"—and in the bitterness of his satire Hamlet associates the idea with the daughter of Polonius.

ness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal ; except my life, my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools !

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek my lord Hamlet ; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir !
[*To* POLONIUS.
[*Exit* POLONIUS.

Guil. Mine honour'd lord !—

Ros. My most dear lord !

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good lads, how do ye both ?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy ;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favour ?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune ? O, most true : she is a strumpet. What 's the news ?

Ros. None, my lord ; but that the world 's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near : But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular : What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither ?

Guil. Prison, my lord !

Ham. Denmark 's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 't is none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 't is too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros., Guil. We 'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why anything. But to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to

colour : I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no ?

Ros. What say you ? [To GUILD.]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you ; [*Aside.*]—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrecy to the king and queen. Moul't no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises : and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'erhanging^a—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me, no, nor woman neither ; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

^a In the quarto (*B*), we read, "this brave o'erhanging *firament*." Using *o'erhanging* as a substantive, and omitting *firament*, (the reading of the folio,) the sentence is, perhaps, less eloquent, but more coherent.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said,
“Man delights not me?”

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man,
what l^aenten^a entertainment the players shall receive
from you : we coted^b them on the way ; and hither are
they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome ; his
majesty shall have tribute of me : the adventurous
knight shall use his foil and target : the lover shall not
sigh gratis ; the humorous man shall end his part in
peace : the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs
are tickled o’ the sere ; and the lady shall say her mind
freely, or the blank verse shall halt for ’t.—What players
are they ?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in,
the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel ? their residence,
both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of
the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did
when I was in the city ? Are they so followed ?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it ? Do they grow rusty ?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace :
But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that
cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically
clapped for ’t : these are now the fashion ; and so be-
rattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that
many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and
dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children ? who maintains
them ? how are they escoted ?^c Will they pursue the
quality no longer than they can sing ? will they not

^a *Lenten*—sparing—like fare in Lent.

^b *Coted*—overtook—went side by side—from *côté*.

^c *Escoted*—paid.

say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is like most, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy:^a there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is 't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in the garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.^b

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

^a To tarre is to exasperate.

^b Handsaw—the corruption in this proverbial expression of heronshaw—hernshaw, a heron.

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern,—and you too;—at each ear a hearer; that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Ros. Happily, he 's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy. He comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 't was so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—

One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

“As by lot, God wot,”

and then you know,

“It came to pass, As most like it was.”

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more :
for look, where my abridgments come.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters ; welcome, all :—I am glad to see thee well :—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend ! Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last ; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark ?—What ! my young lady and mistress ! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see : We'll have a speech straight : Come, give us a taste of your quality ; come, a passionate speech.

I Play. What speech, my lord ?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once ; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million ; 't was cavarié to the general : but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent play ; well digested in the scenes ; set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no *sallets*^a in the lines, to make the matter savoury ; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation ; but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One chief speech in it I chiefly loved : 't was *Æneas*' tale to *Dido* ; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam's* slaughter : If it live in your memory, begin at this line ; let me see, let me see ;—

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like the *Hyrcean* beast,
It is not so ; it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

^a *Sallets*—ribaldry.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
 Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
 When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
 Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
 With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
 Now is he total gules;^a a horridly trick'd^b
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
 Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
 That lend a tyrannous and damned light
 To their vile murders: Roasted in wrath and fire,
 And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
 Old grandsire Priam seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good
 accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him
 Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
 Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
 Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
 Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
 But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
 The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
 Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top
 Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
 Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
 Which was declining on the milky head
 Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
 So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
 And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
 Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
 Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
 A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
 And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
 On Mars's armours, forg'd for proof eterne,
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
 Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
 In general synod, take away her power;

^a *Gules*—red, in heraldic phrase.

^b *Trick'd*—painted; also a word in heraldry.

Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
Prithee, say on :—He 's for a jig,^a or a tale of bawdry;
or he sleeps :—say on : come to Hecuba.

1 *Play.* But who, O who, had seen the mobled queen,—

Ham. The mobled^b queen ?

Pol. That 's good : mobled queen is good.

1 *Play.* Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flame
With bisson rheum ; a clout about that head,
Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarum of fear caught up ;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd.
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and
has tears in 's eyes.—Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'T is well ; I 'll have thee speak out the rest
soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well
bestowed ? Do you hear, let them be well used ; for
they are the abstracts, and brief chronicles, of the time ;
After your death you were better have a bad epitaph,
than their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their
desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin man, better : Use every man
after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping ! Use
them after your own honour and dignity : The less they

^a A jig, a ludicrous interlude.

^b Mobled, mabled, is hastily muffled up.

deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit POL. with some of the Players.*]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have 't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in 't? could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My good friends, [*To Ros. and GUIL.*] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord! [*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you: Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing:
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,^a
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

^a *Free*—free from offence.

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams,^a unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O vengeance.

What an ass am I! ay, sure, this is most brave;
That I, the son of the dear murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!

Fye upon 't! foh! About, my brains! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

^a *John-a-dreams*—a sobriquet for a heavy, lethargic fellow.

May be the devil : and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me : I'll have grounds
More relative than this : The play 's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion ;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy ?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted ;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded ;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well ?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question ; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime ?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way : of these we told him ;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it : They are about the court ;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'T is most true :
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much content
me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 't were by accident, may here
Affront^a Ophelia.

Her father, and myself (lawful espials),
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit QUEEN.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please
you,
We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;

[*To OPHELIA.*]

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'T is too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 't is too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

[*Aside.*]

^a *Affront*—encounter, confront.

Pol. I hear him coming ; let 's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question :
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there 's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there 's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ?^a who would these fardels bear,
To grunt^b and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;

^a *Bodkin*—a small sword. Cæsar is spoken of, by old writers, as slain by bodkins.

^b *Grunt*. So the originals. The players, in their squeamishness, always give us *groan* ; and, if they had not the terror of the blank verse before them, they would certainly inflict *per-spire* upon us.

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now !
The fair Ophelia :—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thank you ; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver ;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, no. I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did ;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these, again ; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

Oph. My lord ?

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty
should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce
than with honesty ?

Ham. Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the
force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness :
this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives
it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me : for virtue
cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of
it : I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery : Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest ; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me : I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious ; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in : What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth ! We are arrant knaves, all ; believe none of us : Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where 's your father ?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no way but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens !

Ham. If thou dost marry, I 'll give thee this plague for thy dowry : Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go ; farewell : Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him !

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another ; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance : Go to, I 'll no more on 't ; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit HAMLET.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword :
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,

The observ'd of all observers ! quite, quite, down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy : O, woe is me !
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There 's something in his
soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger : Which to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down : He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute :
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart ;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't ?

Pol. It shall do well ; but yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia,
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said ;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please ;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs ; let her be round with him ;
And I 'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference : If she find him not,
To England send him : or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much—your hand thus : but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to see a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise : I could have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Ter-magant ; it out-herods Herod : pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature ; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of the which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have

so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

I *Play*. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently^a with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them : for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too ; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered : that 's villainous ; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players*.]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord ? will the king hear this piece of work ?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Pol*.]
Will you too help to hasten them ?

Both. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*.]

Ham. What, ho ; Horatio ?

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter :
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be flatter'd ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,

^a *Indifferently*—tolerably well.

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of my soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithe. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
To censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard, carrying torches. Danish March, Sound a flourish.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the cameleon's dish : I eat the air, promise-crammed : You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now, my lord,—you played once in the university, you say ? [To POLONIUS.

Pol. That I did, my lord ; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i' the Capitol : Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready ?

Ros. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho ! do you mark that ? [To the KING.

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap ?
[Lying down at OPHELIA's feet.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap ?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters ?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord ?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I ?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God ! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry ? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

Hautboys play. The dumb show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is mitching mallecho;^a it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the p'ayers cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

^a *Mitching mallecho.* To *mich* is to filch;—*mallecho*, is misdeed, from the Spanish.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

—
Enter King and his Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journies may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers my functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances^a that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak;
But, what we do determine oft we break.

^a *Instances*—solicitations, inducements.

Purpose is but the slave to memory ;
 Of violent birth, but poor validity :
 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree ;
 But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 't is, that we forget
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either grief or joy
 Their own enactures with themselves destroy :
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye ; nor 't is not strange,
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change ;
 For 't is a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
 The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies ;
 The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend :
 For who not needs shall never lack a friend ;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun,—
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown ;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own ;
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light !
 Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night !
 To desperation turn my trust and hope !
 An anchor's^a cheer in prison be my scope !
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !
 Both here and hence, pursue me, lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Ham. If she should break it now,— [To OPH

P. King. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while ;
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain ! [Exit

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

^a *Anchor's cheer*—anchoret's fare.

Ham. O, but she 'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.^a This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna. Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 't is a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are a good chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.^b

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take husbands.—Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come;—

——The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison in his ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate.

^a *Tropically*—figuratively.

^b In puppet-shows, which were called motions, an interpreter explained the action to the audience.

His name 's Gonzago ; the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian : You shall see anon, how the murtherer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What ! frightened with false fire !

Queen. How fares my lord ?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light :—away !

All. Lights, lights, lights !

[*Exeunt all but HAM. and HOR.*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play :

For some must watch, while some must sleep ;

So runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provincial roses on my razed^a shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir ?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, ay.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself ; and now reigns here

A very, very Paiocke.^b

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive ?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha !—Come, some music ; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

^a *Razed*—slashed.

^b *Paiocke*. It is said that *paiocke* means the Italian *baiocco*, 'a piece of money of about three farthings value.'

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir, pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answers as I can make you shall command; or, rather, you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter; My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do freely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but "While the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a recorder.

O, the recorder: let me see.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'T is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from

my lowest note to the top of my compass : and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet cannot you make it. Why, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir !

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that cloud, that 's almost in shape like a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

[*Exit Pol.*

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt Ros., GUIL., HOR., &c.*

'T is now the very witching time of night ;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world : Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft ; now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites :
How in my words soever she be shent,^a
To give them seals^b never, my soul, consent ! [*Exit.*

^a *Shent*—rebuked ; or probably here, *hurt*.

^b *To give them seals*—to give my words seals ; to make my sayings deeds.

SCENE III.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit, upon whose spirit depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What 's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros., Guil. We will haste us. [*Ex. ROS. & GUIL.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I 'll warrant, she 'll tax him home.
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,

'T is meet, that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege :
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit POL.*
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murther !—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what 's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I 'll look up ;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murther !—
That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murther,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law : But 't is not so above :
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
Try what repentance can : What can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?

O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe:
All may be well! [*Retires, and kneels.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do 't:—and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as fresh as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'T is heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*]

The KING rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter* QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him :

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with ;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.

Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within.*] Mother ! mother ! mother !

Queen. I'll warrant you ;

Fear me not :—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*POLONIUS hides himself.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother ; what 's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet ?

Ham. What 's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;

But would you were not so ! You are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can
speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall
not budge ;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder
me ?

Help, help, ho !

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho ! help ! help ! help !

Ham. How now ! a rat ? [*Draws.*
Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*HAMLET makes a pass through the arras.*

Pol. [*Behind.*] O I am slain. [*Falls, and dies.*

Queen. O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not :
Is it the king ?

[*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.*

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

Ham. A bloody deed ;—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king !

Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell ! [*To Pol.*
I took thee for thy betters ; take thy fortune :
Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands : Peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff ;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
tongue
In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;
Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul ; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words : Heaven's face doth glow ;
Yea, this solidity^a and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

^a *This solidity*—this earth.

Queen.

Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on his brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A station^a like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband,—look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: And what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion: But sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?^b
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,

^a *Station*—manner of standing, attitude.

^b *Hoodman-blind*—the game which we call *blind-man's bluff*.

When the compulsive ardour gives the charge ;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed ;
Stew'd in corruption ; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty stye ;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more ;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears ;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murtherer, and a villain :
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord :—a vice of kings :^a
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more.

Enter GHOST.

Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches :—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards !—What would you, gracious
figure ?

Queen. Alas ! he 's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command ?
O, say.

Ghost. Do not forget : This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits :

^a *Vice of kings—the Vice of the old Moralities.*

O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works :
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady ?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you ?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
 And with the incorporal air do hold discourse ?
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
 And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
 Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,^a
 Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

Ham. On him ! on him !—Look you, how pale he
 glares !

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me ;
 Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
 My stern effects : then what I have to do
 Will want true colour ; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there ! look how it steals away !
 My father, in his habit as he lived !

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

[*Exit GHOST.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain :
 This bodiless creation ecstasy
 Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music : It is not madness
 That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,

^a *Excrements*—hair, nails, feathers, were called excrements.

And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what 's past : avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost o'er the weeds,
To make them rank. Forgive me this my virtue :
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg ;
Yea, curb^a and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in
twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night : but go not to mine uncle's bed ;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat—
Of habits devil,—is angel yet in this,—
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on : Refrain to-night :
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence : the next more easy ;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night :
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.]

I do repent. But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well

^a *Curb*—to bend—*courber*.

The death I gave him. So again, good night!
 I must be cruel, only to be kind:
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
 One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him know:
 For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock, ^a from a bat, a gib, ^b
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
 No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
 I had forgot; 't is so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-
 fellows,—
 Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery: Let it work,
 For 't is the sport, to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petar: ^c and 't shall go hard,
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,

^a *Paddock*—toad.

^b *Gib*—a cat.

^c *Hoist with his own petar*—blown up with his own engine.

And blow them at the moon : O, 't is most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.

This man shall set me packing.

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room :—

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you :

Good night, mother.

*[Exeunt severally ; HAMLET dragging in
the body of POLONIUS.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.**Enter KING and QUEEN.*

King. There 's matter in these sighs ; these profound
heaves ;

You must translate : 't is fit we understand them :
Where is your son ?

Queen. Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night !

King. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

Queen. Mad as the seas, and wind, when both con-
tend

Which is the mightier : In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat ! a rat !"
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed !
It had been so with us, had we been there :
His liberty is full of threats to all ;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man : but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit ;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd :
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral^a of metals base,
Shows itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

^a *Mineral*—mine ; a compound mass of metals.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what 's untimely done: so, haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. O come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. —Safely stowed,—

Ros. &c. within. Hamlet! lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of^a a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.^b

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it that this man goes loose; Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He 's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And, where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown, By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

^a *Demande*d of—demanded by.

^b The name of a boyish sport—"All hid."

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a
certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.
Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all
creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for mag-
gots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but vari-
able service; two dishes, but to one table; that 's the
end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat
of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go
a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see: if your mes-
senger find him not there, seek him i' the other place
yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not this month,
you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the
lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till you come. [*Ex. Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial
safety,

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
 For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
 With fiery quickness : Therefore, prepare thyself ;
 The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
 The associates tend, and everything is bent
 For England.

Ham. For England ?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees him.—But, come ;
 for England !—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother : Father and mother is man and
 wife ; man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother.
 Come, for England. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed
 aboard ;

Delay it not, I 'll have him hence to-night :

Away ; for everything is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair : Pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
 (As my great power thereof may give thee sense ;
 Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
 After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
 Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
 Our sovereign process ; which imports at full,
 By letters conjuring to that effect,
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me : Till I know 't is done,
 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king ;

A HOUSE full of BOOKS

& a GARDEN of FLOWERS



EDWARD ARTHUR DAVENPORT

His Book

ENG. BY J. H. STONE

Tell him, that by his licence, Fortinbras
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
 Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
 If that his majesty would aught with us,
 We shall express our duty in his eye,
 And let him know so.

Cap. I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go safely on. [*Exeunt For. and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How proposed, sir,

I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who

Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,

Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground,

That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 't is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand
 ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without

Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust^a in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing 's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour 's at the stake. How stand I then
That have, a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.

^a *To fust*—to become mouldy.

SCENE V.—Elsinore. *A Room in the Castle.**Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.**Queen.* I will not speak with her.*Hor.* She is importunate ; indeed, distract ;
Her mood will needs be pitied.*Queen.* What would she have ?*Hor.* She speaks much of her father ; says, she hears,
There 's tricks i' the world ; and hems, and beats her
heart ;Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts ;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,Indeed would make one think there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.*Queen.* 'T were good she were spoken with ; for she
may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds :

Let her come in.

[*Exit* HORATIO.]To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss :
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.*Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA.**Oph.* Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark ?*Queen.* How now, Ophelia ?*Oph. (sings)* How should I your true love know
From another one ?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.*Queen.* Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song ?*Oph.* Say you ? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,
 He is dead and gone ;
 At his head a grass-green turf,
 At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers ;
 Which bewept to the grave did not go,
 With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady ?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you !^a They say, the owl was
 a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but,
 know not what we may be. God be at your table !

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let us have no words of this ; but
 when they ask you what it means, say you this :

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
 All in the morning betime,
 And I a maid at your window,
 To be your Valentine :

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
 And dupp'd^b the chamber-door ;
 Let in the maid, that out a maid
 Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I 'll make an end
 on 't :

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
 Alack, and fye for shame !
 Young men will do 't, if they come to 't ;
 By cock, they are to blame.

^a *God 'ield you*—God requite you.

^b *Dupp'd.* To *dup* is to *do up* ; as to *don* is to *do on*.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
 You promis'd me to wed :
 So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
 An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long has she been this ?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient :
 but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay
 him i' the cold ground : My brother shall know of it,
 and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my
 coach ! Good night, ladies ; good night, sweet ladies ;
 good night, good night. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow her close ; give her good watch, I pray
 you. [*Exit HORATIO.*]

O ! this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs
 All from her father's death : O Gertrude, Gertrude,
 When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 But in battalions ! First, her father slain ;
 Next, your son gone ; and he most violent author
 Of his own just remove : The people muddled,
 Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
 For good Polonius' death ; and we have done but
 greenly,^a

In hugger-mugger to inter him : Poor Ophelia,
 Divided from herself, and her fair judgment ;
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France :
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
 Like to a murdering-piece,^b in many places
 Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within*]

Queen. Alack ! what noise is this ?

^a *Greenly*—unwisely ; like novices.

^b *Murdering-piece*—a cannon was so called.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeer'g of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impitious^a haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
(O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him, lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan. No, let 's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door*]

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that 's calm, proclaims me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,

^a *Impitious*—unpitying.

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I 'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I 'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And, for my means, I 'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I 'll ope my
arms;

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And on his grave rains many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing 's more than inatter.

Oph. There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance;^a pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There 's fennel for you, and columbines:—there 's rue for you; and here 's some for me:—we may

^a *Rosemary* was considered to have the power of strengthening the memory.

call it, herb-grace o' Sundays:^a—oh, you must wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan:

Gramercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you!

[*Exit* OPHELIA.]

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must common^b with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—

^a *Rue* was meant to express *ruth*—sorrow.

^b To *common*, now written *commune*, is to make common—in-terchange thoughts.

Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall ;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me ?

Serv. Sailors, sir ;

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—
[Exit Servant.

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall, sir, an 't please him. There's a letter for you, sir ; it comes from the ambassadors that was bound for England ; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *[Reads.]* *Horatio*, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king ; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase : Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour ; in the grapple I boarded them : on the instant, they got clear of our ship ; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy ; but they knew what they did ; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent ; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb ; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern* hold their course for England ; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, *Hamlet*.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters ;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter KING and LAERTES.*

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend ;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears :—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirred up.

King. O, for two special reasons ;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him :
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces ; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost ;
A sister driven into desperate terms ;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections :—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that : you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,

That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more :
I loved your father, and we love ourself ;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now ? what news ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :
This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! Who brought them ?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say : I saw them not.
They were given to me by Claudio, he receiv'd them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them :—Leave us.

[Exit Messenger.]

[Reads.] High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked
on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your
kingly eyes : when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto,
recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.

Hamlet.

What should this mean ? Are all the rest come back ?
Or is it some abuse, or no such thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. 'T is Hamlet's character. " Naked,"—
And, in a postscript here, he says, " alone :"
Can you advise me ?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come :
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so ? how otherwise ?
Will you be rul'd by me ?

Laer. If so you 'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall ;

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe ;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd :
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one ; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Some two months
hence,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they ran well on horseback : but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't ; he grew into his seat ;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast : so far he pass'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was 't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamound.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well : he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you ;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,

And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you : the scrimers^a of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them : Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. Why out of this, my lord ?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you ?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father ;
But that I know love is begun by time ;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it ;
And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,^b
Dies in his own too-much : That we would do,
We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer :
Hamlet comes back : what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murther sanctuarize ;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber ?

^a *Scrimers*—fencers ; from *escrimeurs*.

^b *Plurisy* was constantly used in the sense of fulness, abundance, by the poets.

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home :
We 'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads : he, being remiss,^a
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse^b the foils ; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated,^c and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer.

I will do 't :

And, for that purpose, I 'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal : I 'll touch my point
With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King.

Let 's further think of this ;

Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape : if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'T were better not assay'd ; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft ;—let me see :—
We 'll make a solemn wager on your commings,^d—
I ha 't.

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I 'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

^a *Remiss*—inattentive.

^b *Peruse*—examine.

^c *Unbated*—not blunted.

^d *Commings*—meetings in assault.

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister 's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd!—O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There, with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down the weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it.

[*Exit.*

King. Let 's follow, Gertrude;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let 's follow.

[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Church-Yard.*

Enter Two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight:^a the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it a christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 't is found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is 't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their

^a *Straight*—straightways—forthwith.

even christian.^a Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.^b

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To 't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and when you are asked this question next, say a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit 2 Clown.*]

^a *Even-christian*—fellow-christian, *equal* christian.

^b *Unyoke*—finish your work; unyoke your team.

1 Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'T is e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath caught me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intill the land,
As if I had never been such. [*Throws up a scull.*]

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass o'er-offices; one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; cnapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here 's fine revolution, if we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on 't.

1 *Clo.* A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up a scull.*]

Ham. There 's another ! Why might not that be the scull of a lawyer ? Where be his quiddits now, his quilletts,^b his cases, his tenures, and his tricks ? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? Humph ! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries : Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt ? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures ? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box ; and must the inheritor himself have no more ? ha !

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins ?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves'-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow :—Whose grave 's this, sir ?

l Clo. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed ; for thou liest in 't.

l Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours : for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine : 't is for the dead, not for the quick ; therefore thou liest.

l Clo. 'T is a quick lie, sir ; 't will away again, from me to you.

^a *Quiddits*—quiddities—subtleties.

^b *Quilletts*—quidlibet—(what you please)—a frivolous distinction.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card,^a or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,^b that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young Hamlet was born: he that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'T will not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

^a *The card*—"the seaman's card" of 'Macbeth.'

^b *Picked*—spruce, affected, smart.

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before ne die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year : a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another ?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while ; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a scull now : this scull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was ; Whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue ! a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir ; this same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This ?

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now how abhorred my imagination is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own jeering ? quite chap-fallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What 's that, my lord ?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth ?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? puh! [*Throws down the scull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is that they follow?

And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,

The corse they follow did with desperate hand

Fordo its own life. 'T was of some estate:

Couch we a while, and mark. [*Retiring with Hor.*

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. This is Laertes,

A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranties: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,^a
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,^b

^a Order—rule, canon, of ecclesiastical authority.

^b For charitable prayers—instead of charitable prayers.

Shards,^a flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

l Priest. No more be done !

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing sage requiem, and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring ! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : Farewell !

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife ;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not t' have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of !—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead ;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

^a *Shards*—a *shard* is a thing *shaved*—divided. *Shards* are, therefore, fragments of ware—rubbish.

Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

Gentlemen. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come
out of the grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Come, show me what thou 'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear
thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I 'll do 't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick^a with her, and so will I;

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,

I 'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:

And thus a while the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,

^a Quick—alive.

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir ;

What is the reason that you use me thus ?

I lov'd you ever : But it is no matter ;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—

[*Exit* HORATIO.]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech ;

[*To* LAERTES.]

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument :

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir : now let me see the other ;

You do remember all the circumstance ?

Hor. Remember it, my lord ?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep : methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines^a in the bilboes.^b Rashly,
And praise be rashness for it,—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do pall ; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them : had my desire ;

^a *Mutines*—mutineers.

^b *Bilboes*—a bar of iron with fetters attached to it.

Finger'd their packet ; and, in fine, withdrew,
 To mine own room again : making so bold,
 My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
 Their grand commission ; where I found, Horatio,
 O royal knavery, an exact command,
 Larded with many several sorts of reason,
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
 With, ho ! such bugs and goblins in my life,
 That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
 My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is 't possible ?

Ham. Here 's the commission ; read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed ?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,
 Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
 They had begun the play : I sat me down ;
 Devis'd a new commission ; wrote it fair :
 I once did hold it, as our statists do,
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
 How to forget that learning ; but, sir, now
 It did me yeoman's service : Wilt thou know
 The effects of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
 As England was his faithful tributary ;
 As love between them as the palm should flourish ;
 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities ;
 And many such like as's of great charge,—
 That on the view and know of these contents,
 Without debatement further, more, or less,
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not shriving-time^a allow'd

^a *Shriving-time*—time of *shrift*, or confession.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinate;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal :
Folded the writ up in form of the other ;
Subscrib'd it ; gave 't the impression ; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known : Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight : and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment ;

They are not near my conscience ; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow :
'T is dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this !

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon ?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother ;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes ;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage ; is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm ? and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil ?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short : the interim is mine ;
And a man's life 's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his : I 'll count his favours :
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace ; who comes here ?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 't is a vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'T is a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your friendship^a were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit: Put your bonnet to his right use; 't is for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry and hot, for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 't were,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but

^a *Friendship*, in the folio; in quartos, *lordship*.

raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for this weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath waged with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, or so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French be, against the Danish: Why is this imponed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Yours, yours. He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply^a with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through

^a *Comply*—was complaisant.

and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes?

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. [*The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir : I have done you wrong ;

But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes ? Never, Hamlet :

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he 's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then ? His madness : If 't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd ;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer.

I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge : but in my terms of honour,

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep my name ungor'd : But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham.

I embrace it freely,

And will this brother's wager frankly play.

Give us the foils ; come on.

Laer.

Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes ; in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer.

You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both.

But since he 's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*]

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table:
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union^a shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come on, sir. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;

Here 's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*]

Ham. I 'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come.—Another hit; What say you? [*They play.*]

^a Union—a very rich pearl.

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows :

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good, madam.

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord ;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup : it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes : You but dally ;
I pray you, pass with your best violence ;

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? come on. [*They play.*

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET ; then, in scuffling,
they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds
LAERTES.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The QUEEN falls.*

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho !

Hor. They bleed on both sides :—How is it, my lord ?

Osr. How is 't, Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,
Osr.

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen ?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear
Hamlet !—

The drink, the drink ;—I am poison'd !

[*Dies.*

Ham. O villainy!—How? Let the door be lock'd :
 Treachery! seek it out. [LAERTES falls

Laer. It is here, Hamlet : Hamlet, thou art slain :
 No medicine in the world can do thee good,
 In thee there is not half an hour of life!

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
 Unbated, and envenom'd : the foul practice
 Hath turn'd itself on me ; lo, here I lie,
 Never to rise again : Thy mother 's poison'd ;
 I can no more ; the king, the king 's to blame.

Ham. The point
 Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.

[Stabs the KING.

Osr. & Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane.
 Drink off this potion :—Is thy union here?
 Follow my mother. [KING dies.

Laer. He is justly served ;
 It is a poison temper'd by himself.
 Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet :
 Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
 Nor thine on me ! [Dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
 I am dead, Horatio :—Wretched queen, adieu!
 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
 That are but mutes or audience to this act,
 Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
 Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—
 But let it be :—Horatio, I am dead ;
 Thou liv'st ; report me and my cause aright
 To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.
 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
 Here 's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou 'rt a man,
 Give me the cup ; let go ; by heaven I 'll have it.

O, good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me !
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this ?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
To the ambassadors of England gives [*Poland,*]
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio ;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit ;
I cannot live to hear the news from England ;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras ; he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest ! [*prince ;*]
Why does the drum come hither ? [*March within.*]

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and
others.*

Fort. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it ye would see ?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death !
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shoot,
So bloodily hast struck ?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal ;
And our affairs from England come too late :
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead :
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you ;

He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view ;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about : so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts ;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause :
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune ;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have always cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more :
But let this same be presently perform'd,
E'en while men's minds are wild ; lest more mischance,
On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally : and, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rights of war,
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the body :—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [A dead March
[*Exeunt, marching ; after which a peal of
ordnance is shot off.*

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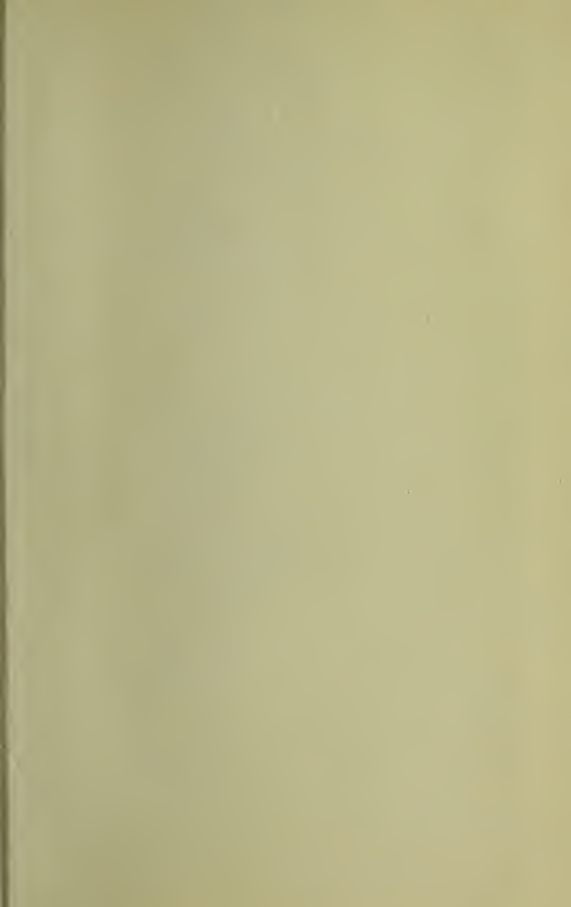
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